MARVEL

PG 53 151

WELLS

O'HARE

FAUCHER

PETER PARKER™

SPIDER-MAN®

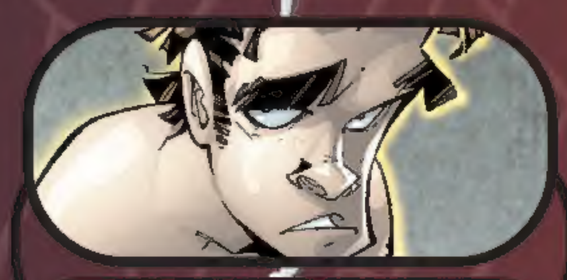
THE RULES OF THE GAME PART 1

DON'T WALK

At a demonstration on Radiation, high school student Peter Parker was bitten by an Irradiated Spider from which he gained the Arachnid's Incredible Abilities. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his Great Powers in the service of his fellow man, because he learned an invaluable lesson: With Great Power There Must Also Come Great Responsibility.

PETER PARKER™ SPIDER-MAN®

Rules of the Game



Peter Parker
SPIDER-MAN

Aunt May
Parker

Flash Thompson

PREVIOUSLY

Once again, repercussions from battles as Spider-Man invade the personal life of Peter Parker. He's left to fit in to his normal life as a high school teacher, still carrying the bruises from his very abnormal fight with The Shocker and Hydro-Man. And he's not the only one healing, unfortunately. Long-time friend Flash Thompson remains comatose after a disastrous run-in with the Green Goblin. The guilt from this incident, coupled with feeling that his battles with his rogues' gallery have become more petty and arbitrary over the years, has left Peter questioning his role as the spectacular Spider-Man.

Meanwhile, the dissolution of Hammer Industries' Super-Villain program, the same program responsible for training Hydro-Man and The Shocker, has left some of Spidey's most dangerous rogues with an unhealthy excess of free time. Idle hands make for evil thoughts, they say. Can it be long before someone steps forward to make use of these untapped resources? Not when you have Spider-Man's luck!

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BOOMERANG!

Return to me, my boomerang! For we have work to do!

Hey, let's give it a rest, eh, Tyler?

Yes! To my hand you have returned, for you belong to me!

Why is he talking like that?!

BUMP!

It's that Harry Potter junk you made him read. "He's too old for comic books," you said.

We should have given him some cough medicine.

I feared I lost you after our adventure in the Dragon's Lair! How my heart is filled with joy...

Why don't you give me that...

Unhand me, Dark Wizard!

BUMP!

We do hope you enjoyed your sixteen hour flight from Sidney. Remember, those connecting to New York must clear customs.

And what were we doing in Australia for such a short period of time, Mr. Slade?

Had to cut my retirement short, deary. Got a job offer I couldn't refuse.

Not to be a try-hard, but you've got the most brilliant eyes I've ever--

WHAPP!

Quite a few boomerangs you've got here. These aren't for commercial use, are they?

Just trinkets for the kids, actually.

And just how many children do you have?

LAX

Let's just say I'm an... irresponsible parent, eh, mate?

LOADING

Tyler!

Be gone, great Ogre of the Underworld!

Hey there, little mate.

Hi.

How 'bout I show you how to use this thing?

--um.

Watch out for those...

SQUAAAK!!

Wanna play some more?

N-No...

ENTRA

Kids.

Stan Lee Presents

Rules of the Game

You think you can take me, fool?

Let's find out.

WRITTEN BY ZEB WELLS
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Time to accept your fate, Peter Parker...

Kick his teeth in!

The face! Go for the face!

WHAP!

GRAVY BOAT

LOKI

OOF!

SMACK!

No matter where you are, or what you're doing...

You always find boys in costumes trying to beat the tar out of each other.

Cut it out, you two.

Hu-

What's up, Mr. Parker?!? We were just going for a jump ball!

Louis, I want you to stop and think about how lame that excuse was. Anyway, there's never a good reason to hit someone.

Looks like someone disagreed with you there, homeboy...

Nothing like having your hypocrisy laid bare first thing in the morning.

Detention. One week for both of you.

And by such a little smarta-- well there I go again, calling the kettle black. Guess now I know how annoying I am to the likes of the Vulture and Doc Ock...

Heh. Good for me.

Hmmmm. Oh, Mr. Parker...

Blast!

DANCE

DRAMA CLUB

ELVIS LIVES

Mr. Parker, you appear to have injured yourself. Again.

I know, isn't it stran--

In the face.

Again.

Definition of "white lie," prepare to be stretched.

Well, that's a funny story, actually. I was in the shower trying to wake up, letting the water hit my face, right? So my eyes are closed, you see, and all of a sudden I have to sneeze. Well I guess my face was closer to the wall than I thought because next thing I know I'm seeing stars and...

Mr. Parker...

Do try to be more careful.

In the future.

I sure will, Mr. Weathers.

...and that's what my book asks. What do these "heroes" do besides cause immense property damage?

Not buying it. What you're really saying is these people shouldn't have the right to defend themselves--that's offensive to me, as an American.

What about the right of due process? What about our right as citizens to have our laws respected? To take responsibility for their enforcement?

Look, that sounds great. But when The Shocker and Hydro-Man rob a bank, I don't want regular cops putting their lives on the line to get these freaks in cuffs...

I want an even bigger freak to show up and punch them in the face.

That's right, Charles, and that's the problem.

What's wrong with America is that all this actually makes sense to us. Name one other country where superculture flourishes like--

POLICE

Name one other country that has a Norse God protecting its shores! Name one other city that has muggers hand-delivered to police in spider-webs every morning!

And so we allow an exclusive club to live above the law? A predominatly male, predominatly white club, by the way...

That is the most offensive spin I've ever heard.

Why don't we give the klan a secret fortress while we're at it?

Mr. Hart, our 3 o'clock's are finally here...

... Buck Masterson, Edwin Hills, and Gary Wisen.

Gentlemen. How illuminating to finally meet you all in person. Sandra, I'm afraid this will be a private meeting.

Edwin Hills, software billionaire.

Gary Wisen, star-making studio head.

And Buck Masterson, who can't throw a lawn dart without hitting oil.

We are men at the top of our games. But we are here today to explore a new game, and I hope everyone brought their... equipment

Don't you worry about us, Hart, but I think you should tip your hand first...

That seems fair, gentlemen --

CLICK

Oh.

CRASH

You're lucky you're payin' so well, mate. No one keeps me in a closet for an hour without gettin' a boomerang up the--

Gentlemen...

...this is Boomerang.

Isn't he great?

Apologies are in order, my friend. My associates were slightly delayed at the airport.

Buck missed his flight because of security...

That wasn't my fault--

Buck, your belt buckle's the size of a dinner plate.

Gentlemen, please. We are here in the interest of our venture, and that venture only.

Every day the coverage increases. Heroes dramatically doing battle with villains of every shape, color, and size. And who profits from it? No one. We are here to change that...

The question is how?

Mr. Wisen, surely producing Hollywood blockbusters taught you one thing...

It's better to show than to tell!

So, who's going to tell me what this morning was all about?

Yo, Randy, you think homeboy would tell us what his weekend was all about?

Ha. I doubt it.

That has nothing to do with your situation.

NEIL SANN

NEWS MONTH VOL 1 ISS 1

NEWSMONTH

HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?

Really? 'cuz I ain't takin' anyone's advice who's talkin' out both sides of their face.

Yeah, Mr. P. Looks like you've done a little bit of scrapping yourself. Is that why you're in detention?

Ha Ha, Randy. I don't like talking about it but I was in a life or death situation this weekend, one I doubt was analogous to a Monday morning at Midtown High.

But hey, you're welcome to prove me wrong.

Ah, listen. The only reason we were fighting was because everyone's always wondering which one of us would win.

HydroCarbon

Uh--

Right. Ahem. That is the dumbest thing I have ever heard.

Now tell us how immature we are and leave us alone.

"They bumped Piggy, who was burnt, and yelled and danced. Immediately, Ralph and the crowd of boys were united and relieved by a storm of laughter.

"Piggy once more was the center of social derision so that everyone felt cheerful and normal..."

Guess that's enough for tonight.

GET WELL SOON!

LORD of the FLIES

I always told you that you made high school like Lord of the Flies. Never could get you to read it. Guess now you don't have a choice.

...but it felt important. It felt important to say, old buddy.

Is anyone in there?

Flash...

I just want you to know that I don't care about... I mean I've... I've *forgiven* you for picking on me all those times. I know it's stupid, and maybe you don't care, but...

Flash, I wanted you... I wanted you to know that I know how kids are now. I mean we all did stupid things...

Hello?

"You see, they are not hard to find. Even sparse surveillance of the city will net one before too long."

"But what kind of legal issues are we dealing with?"

"Then it is just a matter of providing a conflict, and connecting an audience with the action..."

"Complicated ones, to be sure, but remember that we are just *testing* the waters."

PAULS PAWN SHOP

NO PARKING ZONE

"And it wasn't difficult to find a *test* audience with a decidedly uncomplicated view of of the law..."

"So, shall we watch along?"

Well, seeing Flash provided my FDA recommened serving of guilt for the day--

Spider-sense...

SLICE!

THWIP!

Someone cut my web... spidey-sense warned me but I couldn't change my momentum in time-- gotta think fast.

FWAP!

Yes!

SLICE!

No!

THWIP!

THWIP!

FWAP!

FWAP!

That's right, two webs! Let's see you--

SLICE!

Oh, come on.

HUK

CRASH!

Getting discombobulated...

Get it together, looks like someone's been practicing their...

--BOOMERANG!

Spider-Man!

Australian for dead!!

Can't say that I've missed you too much, Boomerang, but it looks like you're still good at missing me.

To what do I owe this honor?

Don't feel comfortable discussing that with you, mate. Oh, and by the way--

Yeah, yeah. They're *boomerangs*...

...I *get* it.

Good for you. Remind me to shout you a Fosters.

I can pour it on your grave.

CLANG

CLANG

Ugh, nets? Pretty weak, "mate"...

Now these are a little better...

YIKES!

Huh?

Ow.

Okay, Parker, you can shut up now...

Weird, he's heading for high ground right when he gained the advantage... must have something up his sleeve.

Gotta do something unexpected, not play his game.

Hmm.

Well, when in Rome....

CLINK!

Can't be too different than throwing a spider tracer.

HA HA! Ta for that, mate! That was legendary! You throw like a floppin' Sheila!

Hmmph!

Shut up! You're not even making sense, you--

EEEEK!!

Oops. Right. A boomerang.

Looks like I'm heading up whether I want to or not.

Oh, mate. This job sure can be rewarding sometimes.

THWIP!

THWIP!

You liked that, did you?

Crikey.

Let's see how you are with a web!

I may not be able to throw like this guy, but I know I'm stronger...

GAAAH!

Now see, I like where this is going...

Huh?

Gettyup!

WHACK!

Why you hittin' yourself, Boomerang?! Huh? Why you hittin' yourself?!

This is obnoxious. Even for me.

SMACK!

I'm gonna kill you!

HRK!

WHACK!

I can't believe this #@$%.

Whoa there. That potty mouth is a no-no.

And since I don't carry a bar of soap...

I'm gonna have to lay you down for a nap!

Spidey-strength beats a good throwing arm nine times out of ten, Boom--

Odd, he's out cold, but my spidey-sense is still buzzing... slightly.

Hmmm... a camera...

...and one on his head?

Double hmmm.

Just what the heck is going on here?

To Be Continued...